

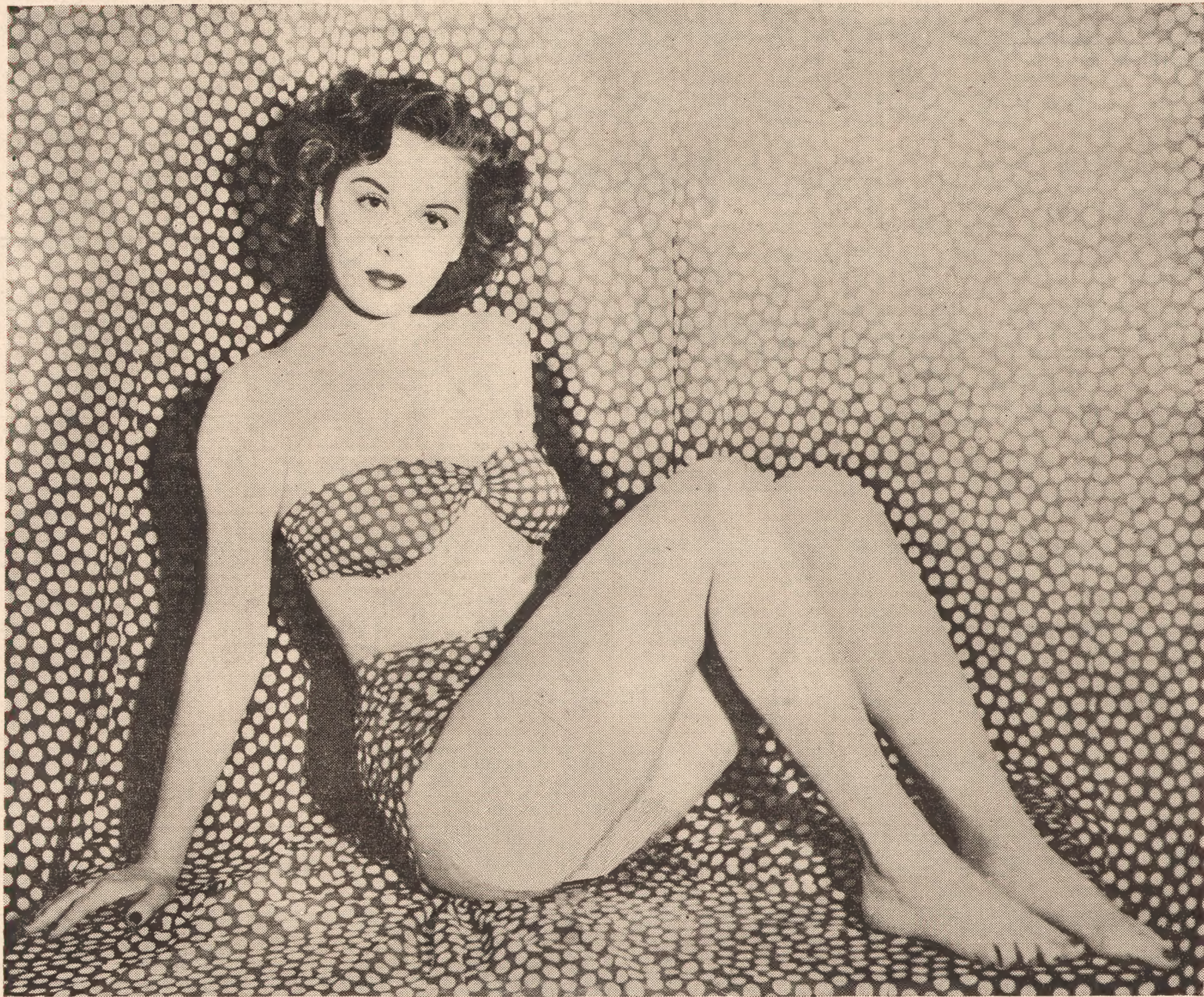
HOBO LIFE

Vol. 1 — No. 23

-EVERYBODY IS AT HEART A HOBO-

15¢

SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES



Brown eyes and brunette — that's Pat Duncan — and she's sittin' pretty — eh — fellahs?



HORSES TODAY

EDITED AND COMPILED BY JACK BANNON

GULFSTREAM PARK . . .

DALEEN—Pay no attention to this colt's recent effort. He was hemmed in on the rail, knocked down, and had no chance to do justice to himself. Bound to graduate soon.

REGAL GLAD—Got away in a tangle the other day, but came from next to last place to finish second in a powerful performance. Should make amends the next time out.

GOLD BRAID—This horse showed a tendency to loaf after being rushed to the lead a few days back. And it cost him the race. This runner figures to beat the same grade of company.

(Best Bet) **DORINDA K.**—The daughter of Bull Lea has finally reached her best form, as attested by her recent excellent effort to Purbeck over the local strip. Pitted back against fillies, she is expected to come along with authority. About seven furlongs is the right distance, and a fast track, too.

NORTHERN TRUST—He was crowded on the turn in his last start, while forcing the early pace. With that interference, he finished out of the money. However, he is set for brackets.

BIG CANNON—This is one of the juiciest looking morsels that appears on the agenda here. He was ridden with poor judgment last time, but figures to dust off \$3500 company.

HALCYARA—Comes from a pretty smart stable, and she can run when in the mood. She was out of the dough a few days back, it does not reflect her true ability.

BETSY MARIE—She was a bit short in her only start in which she tangled with seasoned horses and finished third. All the better for that race, she shapes up as a goodie.

LINCOLN DOWNS . . .

GRAY STAR—Extremely partial to the track last year. Seasoned by winter competition he should lose no time making presence felt. Gets a big figure.

SCOTCH COUNT—Should be one of the early winners at the meeting. Has fitness written all over him and ought to come down the alley at big odds.

(Best Bet) **LINWOOD GHOST**—Benefited by a winter campaign at Sunshine Park, he returns to his old home to show his winning stride at the Downs. He is only a \$1500 player, but he has been a good performer, winning a mile at a mile and a sixteenth. He won 4 races last year, and that proves he is useful.

SWEET SARA—This is a sweet looking prospect at the Downs. The book offers plenty of opportunities for racing there and she should be a steady sort.

ABLE—Understand this horse will be turned loose right soon at the meeting. Get aboard. Expected to arrive at the Downs in time for action.

O. G. KELLEY—Does his best running over the local track. A speed horse essentially, he should appear as a consistent winner during the meeting.

RUDY'S STAR—He'll be at the Downs ready for another successful campaign. Condition is on his side and his speed should hold him good stead. Mark him "best."

TIDY BID—He is rated a spread to win his share of races. He holds a touch of quality and makes cheap horses look a bit silly.

CHARLES TOWN

AU PHIL—Raced forwardly on the inside the other day, but just missed by a whisker. Certainly will make no mistake next time.

LUCKY MYSTERY—Likes those short dashes at the meeting, and he is rated a wallowing standout in \$1,700 company.

MIDNIGHT QUEEN—She was flying the other day. Make her solid hazard next time her name appears in the entries.

DEVIL'S BROOM—This horse had victory all sewed up until he hung in the last few strides. Bound to go in sturdier fashion.

KERRY AIRS—Was caught in close quarters and had no chance the other day when backed at odds-on. Rates another chance.

VITACLE—A hard-hitting \$1,500 horse is worthy of attention in a race of about 6 furlongs. Must be on fast side.

BUDDING BERRY—Caught between horses, he had a rough journey. Figures to be up closer and probably a winner in a 7 furlong race.

RODGERS of the HOBO NEWS once again with the HOBO-LIFE

Friends of the HOBO NEWS who are desirous to learn that the genial Otis O. Rodgers of that sheet is now associated with THE HOBO LIFE, in charge of our New York office, at 125 SULLIVAN STREET, where the HOBO LIFE will be distributed to peddlers. Drop in and congratulate our old pal, as glad as you can be, and you will find THE HOBO LIFE as easy to like—and to sell, as ever did the HOBO NEWS.

GAME FLOWER—This is a hard-hitting \$10,000 juvenile, green as grass in its debut, but one that knows how to run. Only needs racing education to graduate 'ere long.

FRERE MARKETTE—Go for this one in a \$2500 race at about a mile and a sixteenth, no farther. He took the lead recently and then weakened. In present form, appears a spread.

MISS DETROIT—They've been trying almost all winter to slam this filly over the winning line. She's mighty sharp, and in the smartest hands. Give her one more chance.

HABERDASHERY—Would have won the last time but for taking the overland. At that, he was beaten only a length. Likes plenty of company and company of \$4,000 to \$5,000.

GERTIES LIT—Simply toss out her last race. She has the speed necessary to score in races for non-winners of two races in 1950. There are plenty of such ventures.

JUDYS RUNNER—This miss has been a disappointment here this winter. But don't let her recent setbacks detract from her ability. She is the sort that must have clear sailing.

SASHAY—This gelding is ripe for a win at this point. Was a creditable second to Bannerday in fast time, and that race says he is prime for a visit to the charmed circle.

ALTHOR—Finished a good second in the initial outing here, displaying high speed and tiring slightly as if in need of the race. Is a pipe to graduate soon.

TAKE WING—He wants plenty of distance to travel, preferably a mile and a half. Note the way he was running over horses in a shorter race the other day. Sharp as a sword.

WALLON—Should be in the winner's circle, provided he is ridden judiciously. He has often jumped up to win at good odds. Up to his stuff.

CLYDE T.—There are few shifter players in New England than this fellow. The info is that the connections have picked a couple of nice spots out for him.

WESTGATE BLVD.—All the better for a campaign at Sunshine Park, he returns to this track girded to perfection. His chances of winning are excellent.

EBRO—If you see a horse rolling home at big odds pretty soon, the name might be Ebros, for we understand that they've primed him especially.

SAFE BET—This aptly named thoroughbred appears all of that, so stick his name in your hat and give him every consideration at the Downs.

BESTBOOK—Sharp as can be, he comes to the Downs geared for an early set of brackets. Just a question of selecting the right spot.

PLATOON LEADER—Just a plodder, but one that can keep home occasionally. And the Downs is one of his favorite tracks. Rides kindly for any boy.

MARBLEHEAD—This is strictly a longshot, worth a fling or two. He is overdue and the indications are he'll break the ice. Wants a distance.

DR. JOHNSON—They'll have to call the doctor for the books after this horse comes yodelling to the payoff line. Training cannot be faulted.

JUNIOR KAY—Was eased up after tiring and running out a few days ago. Don't let that throw you off the next appearance.

TO TO LIGHT—Just failed to get up last week, losing by a neck. Very sharp at this time and looks like a cinch to bag a purse.

ABIEL—Has so much early foot it's hard to see how he will disappoint the players again. Recent form speaks for his ability.

DOLCE MIA—This longshot is ready to spring a big surprise any day. She is moving up steadily and is worthy of a chance.

TWENTY-NINE—Closed full of run last time, suggesting that speedier getaway would have brought him up with the leaders. Race helped.

LAUREL, MD.

COCK O' THE WALK—Here is a runner that has been prepping smartly with the Laurel meeting in view. Opened up 6 furlongs in 1:16 4/5, handily.

RAW CORD—According to shrewd watchers this horse is ready to roll home in a hurry. Might be a fancy price, too, since his real worth is unknown.

PEACELAW—Looks and acts splendidly, and connections are abiding time for a real old-fashioned killing with this useful campaigner. Cannot be faulted.

MARIE EGRET—Stepped 5 furlongs in 1:05 2/5 on a slow track in a recent move, but she was under double wraps. Indications are she will be a winner.

HARD TO GET—From what this department understands, this steed is set to run from here to China. There are several nice spots in the book available.

FRENCH LURE—Shifty and useful, this performer has done all asked in preparatory endeavors. Can't see any reason why he should not come bounding home.

VIVA TEDDY—Demonstrated fitness by breezing 6 furlongs in 1:18 2/5 a few mornings ago. When pitted favorably, should greet the winning post.

BALU MIKE—Watch this horse, he is better than generally rated on cold dope, but when the decks are down, he'll hardly make an excuse. Extra good.

PRIMROSE EARL—If this horse pops home at a fancy mutual ticket, don't be surprised, because our clocker wires he is "something good to eat".

BAD LIGHT—He is gradually rounding into condition. Put in 6 furlongs in 1:18 3/5 in a recent trial which suggests he will be ready. Nice sort.

FALSE RUNNER—Packs plenty of early lick and it will take a swift horse to take his measure. Few horses have been training in more creditable manner.

RETINTING—Falls from a shrewd outfit, that generally makes few mistakes. Not much on quality, but can beat the cheaper ones with regularity.

(Best Bet) **GRAY LASSIE**—She is as fit as hands can possibly make her, and there is no telling just how good she is at this writing. That she is rarin' to swing into action was shown when she worked 6 furlongs in around 1:18 the other morning. It was a three-star move. She is far advanced in condition and will be spotted admirably.

JACOLEE—Been breezing creditably and taking things on the easy side. Unless all angles go amiss, this horse appears a spread to crack home in front.

JAY LARKING—Can't get away from this filly. Must rate him one of the better propositions at Laurel, of which he is fond. Watch him breeze a winner.

CAT BRIDGE—Holds a touch of quality. He will most likely be pointed for distance, though he can sprint, too. Work-out has been better than expected.

DAILY DIP—Has all the earmarks of a sleeper at Laurel. Been showing speed in spots during recent trials, but this lad can turn it on when put to pressure.

TANFORAN

MY SEA—Here's a shifty 3-year-old all primed for brackets. His last race was a lulu, and the next one should be even more impressive.

RED COUNT—No reason why this horse should not roar to victory at Tanforan. He has moved to a point where he is a mortal to register.

REVELATION—Brackets are beckoning for this sprinter which just missed recently at long odds. Extremely fond of the local racing strip.

BLUE ABBE—Here's one that is ticketed for an early win, judging by the way he neatly made the grade a few days back. Six furlongs.

BEAUTY PATCH—This young miss is improving with each start and there seems to be every reason to recommend her for a winning performance soon.

FOX HUNT—The native son are going ready to peel off their bankroll on this steed. Don't pay too much attention to recent setback at short odds.

AGGIE'S BOY—Look for improvement from this three-quarter specialist. He is on sharpest edge and will win decisively at fair odds.

BETTY'S ALIBI—Is a quick thing, whose chances of emerging from the maiden ranks appear exceedingly bright. Johnny Longden generally rides.

ROYAL SCHOLAR—He was not out of the money recently, but then that was not his best effort. He can do better. Simply give him a chance to make good.

LAESTAN—Came close to bagging a purse a few days back in a smart effort. He is the sort that will get better as he goes along in competition.

JOHN'S REGARDS—Only bad racing luck probably will stop him the next time out. He is on his toes, and should make hay. Looks a standout.

(Best Bet) **REGAL REWARD**—This horse is so good that it is almost a certainty that he will outpace opposition the next out. He is a middle distance performer, with about a mile and a sixteenth, and one that holds a trait of consistency. Will return nice price.

FIRE FLIGHT—This California-bred holds a fine opportunity to step to victory against his own kind at the current meeting. Last race O.K.

BARGELUC—With proper handling, this youngster bids fair to announce his arrival over the track. Since last, worked creditably, showing fine speed.

MISS CLIPPETTE—In her present form, she hardly will miss thundering to victory here. She has speed in abundance, likes it wet or dry. Six furlongs.

BRILLIANT MOON—All set for the big question, and barring ill racing luck, appears a spread to surge to a win. Evidently needed last race. Improving.

UNCANNY—They bet this horse the other day, but he could finish no better than third. Yet, his short odds suggest that he is all set.

By The Old Clocker

If the racing fan, whose only problem is picking a winner, is puzzled when current performance is at variance with past performance, consider the poor breeder. Pet theories are forever being upset by examples. However, no more than does Noor's victory over Citation in the Santa Anita handicap make him a better horse than Citation, does an example to the contrary necessarily rule out a breeding theory.

The Fair Play line has long been noted for temperament—and frequently bad temper. Col. E. R. Bradley for years refused to Fair Play but when finally he did the result was Basher, one of the great race mares of our time. Naturally with as respected a breeder as Colonel Bradley turning thumbs down on even an outcross to Fair Play, many Thoroughbred breeders lifted hands in horror at the idea of inbreeding to that line. Domino was considered the line for inbreeding, perhaps, because there were plenty of good working examples thereof.

John A. Bell, Jr., a comparative newcomer to the breeding field, displayed a brash disregard for popular prejudice, however, and bred a grandson of Fair Play named War Relic to a granddaughter of Fair Play named Dark Display. The result, Battlefield, was seen winning a division of the Hialeah Juvenile Stakes on March 1 in the sparkling time of 32 4/5. In the paddock prior to the race Battlefield, who races in the colors of

George D. Widener, proved aptly named and gave ample evidence of his ancestry. It was the likelihood of such behavior perhaps that enabled Trainer Bert Mulholland to obtain Battlefield on a bid of \$4,500 at Saratoga last summer.

The winner of his only previous start, Battlefield showed gameness in the Hialeah Juvenile for while the chart shows him leading all the way, Jockey Clarence Picou said that he had been a head behind Fair Set until a couple of hundred yards from the wire.

The disadvantage of inbreeding is that the bad or unwanted characteristics are apt to be as accentuated as the good. If Battlefield inherits the usual Fair Play ability to go a distance along with the temperament and speed he has shown, it's likely that a good deal more will be heard of the colt.

If run consecutively, it would take six years to complete the schedule of 2,231 racing days on the current list of current and scheduled racing dates.

A report from Hialeah this winter said that turf writers had voted Bug Juice the worst named horse running. They evidently were not aware of the etymology of the name. Veteran turf scribe O'Neil Serier, who, being a Tennessean, knows whereof he speaks, says that "bug juice" is a colloquial name for good corn liquor. Furthermore, he suggested the name, to Colonel E. R. Bradley, who bred Bug Juice.



"All depends, lady—what kind of chops?—Lamb, pork or wood?"

Attempts To Make The Best Bargain

"Yes," said the old man to his visitor, "I am proud of my girls and would like to see them comfortably married. As I have made a little money, they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Emily, twenty-five years and a good-looking girl. I'll give her \$1,000 when she marries. Then comes Florence, who won't see thirty-five again. I'll give her \$3,000. And the man who takes Gertrude, who is forty will have \$5,000 with her."

The visitor, a young man not averse to money, reflected a moment, then asked:

"You haven't got one about fifty, have you?"

"Break" For Cat

Three old maids lived together and each owned a cat which she kept shut up for fear it would go tom-cattin'. One of the old maids got married and after honeymooning for a few days, wired the other old maids as follows:

"You can keep your cats shut up if you want to, but turn mine out."

Refuses Offer To Sleep With Baby

A young man wandered into a lonely farmhouse to ask shelter for the night and was informed by the old couple that if he wanted a bed he would have to sleep with the baby. Anticipating wet sheets and similar inconveniences, he begged them for permission to spend the night in the hayloft. Morning came, and he was just opening his eyes when the barn door opened and a beautiful young woman showed herself. He had never in his life seen anything so lovely. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the baby," she replied. "Who are you?"

"Oh, I," he stammered, "I'm the jackass who spent the night in the barn."

Al: "Where are you staying at in the city?"

Pal: "I'm staying in the hotel adjoining."

Al: "Adjoining what?"

Pal: "I don't know yet. I can't get the door open."



"Oh, Mr. Life Guard, would you please teach me the breast stroke?"

PUNCH LINE

The officer had laid violent hands on the drunk who stood on the corner. Finally the drunk got angry.

"Shay," he said, "I've got a good notion to punch you again."

"Again?" said the cop. "Why, you haven't done it the first time."

"Well," replied the drunk, "I had the shame noshion before."



"My, Oswald likes to take shots of his prize catches."



"Honey, it's too warm. Take off your fur coat."



"What do you mean — he's down?"



HAMLET'S GHOST SHAKESPEARE

I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Ar burned and purged away. But that I am
forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, oh, list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS

By JOHN MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide:
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not
need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who
best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His
state
Is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

WHEN WILLIE WAS A LITTLE BOY

By EUGENE FIELD

When Willie was a little boy,
Nor more than five or six,
Right constantly he did annoy
His mother with his tricks.
Yet not a picayune cared I
For what he did or said.
Unless, as happened frequently,
The rascal wet the bed.
Closely he cuddled up to me
And put his hand in mine,
Till all at once I seemed to be
Afloat in seas of brine.
Sabeian odors clogged the air,
And filled my soul with dread,
Yet I could only grin and bear
When Willie wet the bed.
'Tis many times that rascal has
Soaked all the bed-clothes through,
Whereat I'd feebly light the gas
Anw wonder what to do.
Yet there he lay, so peaceful like;
God bless his curly head!
I quit forgave the little tyke
For wetting of the bed.
Ah, me! those happy days have flown,
My boy's a father too,
And little Willies of his own
Do what he used to do.
And I ah! all that's left for me
Are dreams of pleasure fled;
My life's not what it used to be
When Willie wet the bed!

THE ROAD

By BEN (Hobo) BENSON

"THE COAST KID"

I've taken the road as I found it,
Its sunshine and its rain,
I've never been known to hound it
I've never been known to complain.

The hoose-gows I flopped in were many,
And the bits I done in my time,
The Bulls that I met, I will never forget,
They were anything but kind.

Along the hostile railroads,
Where bumming was an art,
I took my lumps with my sit-downs,
And played the real hobo's part.

I've rambled for two-score years,
And covered plenty of space,
Been ditched on a desert siding,
A day's hike from any place.

Met every bo, worthwhile to know,
From The "Roaming Dreamer" to A-No. I.
The Boomer Poet and Seldom Seen
And the Western Kid, from Washington.

Most hoboes are dreamy-eyed dreamers,
And I, in that class belong,
Though the world calls us vagabond schemers,
In my heart there is always a song.

A song of the road of steel,
A song of the wide open spaces,
Just a hobo's plea, for liberty,
A yen to see the world's beauty and places.

If you could visualize how I love it,
Its memories to me are more than gold,
Like good parents, it oft' has chastised me,
But I always come back to its fold.

It's a wonderful life, if you like it,
And you will, if you're a hobo with guts,
But if you can't take it as you find it,
It surely will drive you nuts.

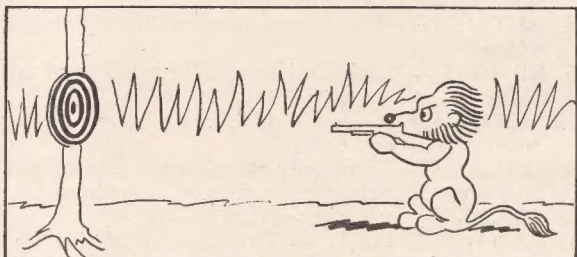
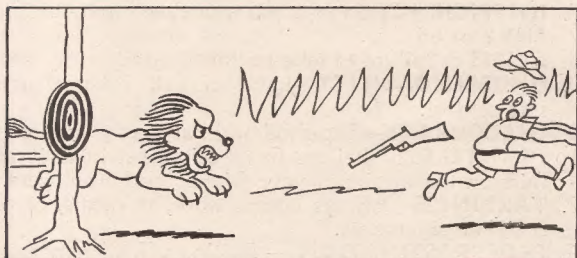
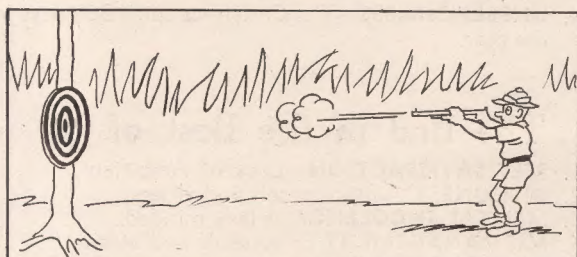
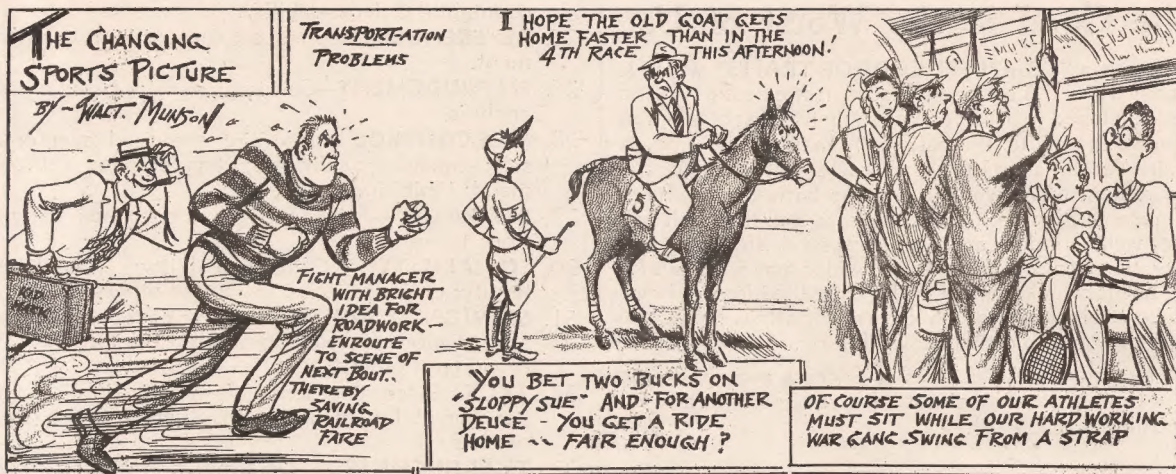
Hark! I hear the high-ball,
It's calling me and not in vain,
I'll hop a gondola, for old Pensacola,
For Florida's sunshine is calling Little Hobo
Benson again.

BUT DON'T START ANYTHING!

Tho' you have come from foreign soil,
You're welcome to our shores,
If you'll but stick to honest toil
And do your daily chores.
I care not how you vote, my friend,
Or what your creed may be;
I care not how much gold you spend,
Or what your pedigree.

Don't care what kind of clothes you wear,
What kind of home you've got,
If you're a well-fed millionaire,
Or sleep upon a cot;
And I don't care what kind of car
You drive to work each day;
Or if you smoke a fine cigar,
Or humble pipe of clay.

But don't you start a red parade,
Or bund of any kind,
Or any colored-shirt brigade,
Or any foreign blind;
And listen, fellow, lend an ear—
I'm telling you take care —
If you don't like it over here,
Then get back over there.



Auto Salesman: "If you buy this car you can not go wrong."

Flapper: "Let's look over some of the others."

Tobacco—Found in many Southern States and in some cigarettes.

Lobster—A dish ordered at hotels by those who usually get beans at home.

*Neighbor—One who knows more about your affairs than you do.

"What is ignorance?"

"It's when you don't know anything and everybody finds out."

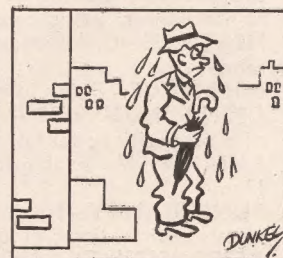
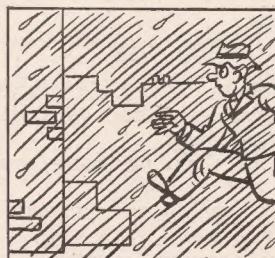
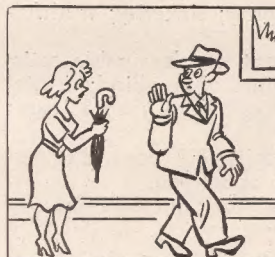
You are not with me now to share the scent
That April blows along the streets of night . . .

Rich was our madness . . . ere we found it spent . . .
Wise were our vows till wisdom proved them trite.

You are not with me now to watch the moon
Weave silver shadows on the eerie street,
And I am sad—for Spring will leave us soon
Much as you left one day—my very sweet;

And yet I trust that April finds you gay . . .
Finds you enamoured now of someone new,
Twisting you lines to suit a ney play—
Twisting your heart the way you used to do . . .

You are not with me now . . . nor will you be . . .
And terror strikes and has its way with me!



The Good in the Worst of Us

here is a "**COMPLETE CODE OF TRAITS**" which is compositive of the desirable that is in the best of all the codes developed to date. It is probably the first attempt to to give to the public the basis of human engineering. It contains certain attributes of character necessary for the measurement of individuals and the basis for teaching. It represents the specific "traits" essential to a well balanced, well rounded, average, successful life. Thru self observation and self criticism th reader may with careful study be his own "engineer." These are the ideals to have, or to be attained. If you have them, or attain them, you will be the captain of kour own destiny.

Here are the Milestones to Success and the Route List of the Road to Happiness—for yourself first and for your children afterward:—

* * * *

1. **ACCURACY**—Being right in material things.
2. **APPRECIATION** of Beauty, People, Humor, Art and music.
3. **ADAPTABILITY**—Ability to adjust, to alter so as to fit for new use; alertness; ability to respond to changing conditions.
4. **COURTESY**—An act of kindness performed with politeness; affability; refinement.
5. **COOPERATION**—Concurrence in action; acting or operating jointly with others.
6. **COURAGE**—That quality which enables one to encounter difficulties with firmness; pluck, valor.
7. **CAREFULNESS**—Doing things well.
8. **FORESIGHT**—Act of looking forward; action in reference to the future; prudence.
9. **GENEROSITY**—Liberality in spirit or act.
10. **GRATITUDE**—Kindness awakened by favor received; thankfulness.
11. **HONESTY**—Fairness and straightforwardness of conduct, speech, etc.; integrity; sincerity; truthfulness, sense of honor.
12. **HAPPINESS**—The enjoyment of pleasurable satisfaction attendant upon welfare of any kind; mental and moral health and freedom from irksome care; cheerfulness; harmony.
13. **INTELLIGENCE**—The capacity to know and understand the things that go on about you.
14. **PERSISTENT EFFORT**—Habitual diligence in any employment or pursuit; concentration; steady attention to business; application.
15. **INITIATIVE**—Energy or aptitude displayed in the action that tends to develop new fields; self-reliance; originality; enterprise; resourcefulness; self-confidence.
16. **JUDGMENT**—The operation of the mind involving comparison; discrimination; sense of relative values; ability to decide rightly, justly, wisely; sense of proportion; deliberation.
17. **LEADERSHIP**—The ability to take the iniative in civic and other affairs.
18. **LOYALTY**—Staunchness of Friendship.
19. **MORALITY**—Conforming to the standard of right, righteousness; justice; virtue.
20. **NEATNESS**—Orderliness; tidiness; systematic arrangement.
21. **OBEEDIENCE**—Quick in response to demand of duty.
22. **OPEN-MINDEDNESS**—Willingness to see two sides of a proposition; tentative judgment.
23. **PATRIOTISM**—Fealty to the Republic, State and Home.
24. **PUNCTUALITY**—Habit of keeping one's engagements at right time; promptness.
25. **RESPONSIBILITY**—Ability to respond or answer for one's conduct or obligations; trustworthiness; ac-

countability; dependability.

26. **REVERENCE**—Deep respect for worthy accomplishment.
27. **SELF-JUDGMENT**—Self improvement based on self-analysis.
28. **SELF-CONTROL**—Restraint exercised over one's self; modesty; calmness; temperance; self-command; inhibition.
29. **SYMPATHY**—Fellow-feeling; tenderness; compassion; tolerance.
30. **SOCIABILITY**—Companionability; friendliness; loyalty; desire for the company of others.
31. **SERVICE TO SOCIETY**—Civic consciousness; appreciation of existing institutions; respect for property of others.
32. **TACT**—Discerning sense of what is right, proper; peculiar ability to deal with others without giving offense.
33. **THOROUGHNESS**—Determination to carry plans through every obstacle; perseverance; exactness.
34. **UNSELFISHNESS**—The Christmas spirit 365 days in the year.

* * * *

The Bad in the Best of Us

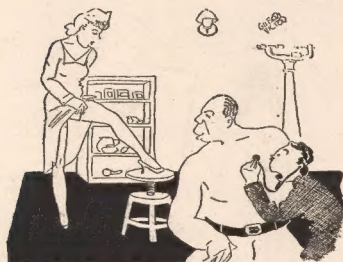
1. **SELF SATISFACTION**—Lack of Ambition.
2. **DISHONESTY** with yourself and others.
3. **MENTAL INDOLENCE** or lazy minded.
4. **MISMANAGEMENT** of yourself and affairs.
5. **BAD TEMPER** and a sharp tongue.
6. **INEFFICIENCY** on your job whatever it may be.
7. **ENVY** of others.
8. **ALIBIS** or failure to take responsibility.
9. **UNDEPENDABILITY**—Lack of self reliance and self control.
10. **INACCURACY**—Slip-shod and haphazard methods.
11. **DISINTEREST**—Failure to take interest in civic affairs on the affairs of your friends and employers.
12. **TARDINESS**—Always late at work, to meals, or on social engagements.
14. **PROCRASTINATION**—Putting off till tomorrow what you ought to do today.
15. **ANTAGONISM**—Inconsiderate of the opinions of others.
16. **RUMORS**—"Back yard scandal," spreading of false gossip.
17. **RESENTMENT**—Refusing to take advice and smarting under just criticism.
18. **LETHARGY**—Commonly called lazy.
19. **EGOISM**—Sort of a human frog, a "blow hard."
20. **FAILURE**—Largely because of misfits.
21. **BAD INVESTMENT**—The opposite of thrift and judicious saving.
22. **PROFANITY**—Alright in the army but not in modern life.
23. **GROUCHINESS**—A cross between bad temper and plain "cussedness."
24. **WORRY**—That saps your health and mental efficiency.
25. **DRIFTING**—Going thru life without a definite goal from one job to another.
26. **DISCOURTESY**—Failure to appreciate the rights of others.
27. **UNTIDINESS**—Careless and indifferent about personal appearance.
28. **COWARDICE**—"Yellow" in a tight place or moral situation.
29. **WASTEFUL**—Needless destruction of time and material things.
30. **RETICENCE**—Just a bit too shy.
31. **"IT CAN'T BE DONE"**—When all others fail this will sink you.

Now that the girls are wearing short skirts, the sheiks can't see any use for the wind.

AMERICANA



Joe: "Why does a farmer look for a needle in a haystack?"
Gish: "Because that's where his daughter usually does her fancy work."



■ "Stop that! You're breaking my eardrums."

WANT ADV.
gentleman who picked up the fur coat on
e last night, please return the blonde that
questions asked.

CATASTROPHE
"Don't tell me you lost
your job."
"Worse than that. The
family next door got a big-
ger car than we did."

AMONG MY CHIFFONIERS
There's nothing left for me
Save piles of debris,
An underthing or three,
Among my chiffoniers.

Some letters tied with blue,
A note long overdue,
A powder compact too,
Among my chiffoniers.

Within my bureau drawer,
Dance programs by the score,
And over them I pore
To give me consolation.

A bromo seltzer pill,
I only hope I will
Dig out a dollar bill,
Among my chiffoniers.



"CRIPES, DID YOU GET THAT SMELL? — ONE
OF THOSE SMOKED HERRINGS JUST PASSED!"

MARTY SERVO

HE WILL DEFEND HIS TITLE IN MAY, AGAINST RAY ROBINSON.

READ JACK HARRIS' "HORSES TO WATCH" 10c

THE HOBO NEWS

A LITTLE FUN TO MATCH THE SORROW

NEW WELTER CHAMP MARTY SERVO

MARTY SERVO, FORMER COAST-GUARDSMAN, WHO SLUGGED HIS WAY TO THE WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BY KNOCKING OUT FREDDIE (RED) COCHRANE, OF ELIZABETH, N. J., IN FOUR ROUNDS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1946.

SHERMAN HAYES, AND HIS SPARKS ORCHESTRA, APPEAR AT 8:15 P.M. IN THE ALAMO, IN FEBRUARY 1, 1946.

THE SWINGSTERS, WHO APPEAR AT 8:15 P.M. IN THE ALAMO, IN FEBRUARY 1, 1946.

Steve Wagner

In the school of experience a girl is never promoted until she knows all the questions to say "NO" to!

It is a queer thing that cold cash almost always burns in the spendthrift's pocket.

Jitterbug dancing is much like St. Vitus dance, but it is hard to tell which is which!

The millionaire who takes a girl under his wing is seldom an angel!

Woman's face may be a poem; but she is always careful to conceal the lines in it.

What one learns in the school of experience he soon forgets in the days of prosperity.

In buying presents, give a girl something she can wear, and give a boy something he can eat.

The ignorance that is bliss is the ignorance of the man who thinks he knows it all.

RAILROAD FACTS

THE BRAKE BEAM KID

The Boston & Albany, Rutland, and the New York Central serve Chatham, N. Y.

The New York Central S. S. tower No. 100 is located in Rennselaer, N. Y. Tower A is at the Eastern end of Albany, (Union) Station, and tower B is at the western end.

The Erie has a branch line which runs into Newburgh, N. Y.

The Long Island Railroad is part of the Pennsy System.

The New Haven Railroad has the letter "C" in front of the numbers of its cabooses.

The Pullman Standard Car Manufacturing Co. has shops in Bessemer, Ala.

The only westbound freight train on the New York Central which does not stop at Harmon, N. Y. to change engines is TB-1 (Tarrytown to Buffalo) which serves the Chevrolet Motor Car Co. plant in Tarrytown, N. Y. Its steam engine is sent down from the Harmon roundhouse. (TB-1 pulls out every night at about 9:30 P.M. except on Sundays).

JUNCTION POINTS

The N. Y., N. Y. & H. and the Boston & Albany have junction points at: State Line (N. Y. & Mass.) Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester, Lowell, and Boston, Mass.

Seldom heard of or seen are the cars of the L. R. X. (Lackawanna Refrigerator Line).

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad has 2 tunnels, one alongside the other through the main line of the Morris & Essex division and runs out of Hoboken, N. J. The tunnel on the northern side was built in 1876, while the one on the southern side was built in 1908. There are 2 tracks run through each tube and 3 different motive powers are used—Steam, Diesel, and the electric M. U. suburban cars, which have the overhead high tension wire to supply the power to its motors.

The old Mogul type (2-6-0 wheel arrangement) locomotives which were built in 1898, and 1903, by the Providence class K engines.

Although the Lackawanna Railroad does not run any farther west than Buffalo, N. Y., I saw some D.L.&W. hoppers with the label "RETURN WHEN EMPTY TO PEKIN, ILLINOIS."

NOTICE TO HOBOES!

The Midway Tavern on the road from the Erie and Lackawanna's yards in Secaucus, N. J., is a favorite stopping place for most hoboos as 2 ex-hoboes own the place. If you should happen to drop into this place you will see about 5 or 10 hoboos piled on and under the pool table sleeping. One of the partners works as a machinist in the Erie's car shops.

Lackawanna O-8-0 Representative type switchers are numbered in the 2 hundred class.

In order to avoid mistakes when making out route cards for the Michigan Central and the Main Central Railroads which have the same initials the trainmen use the initials M.C. for the Michigan Central and Me.C. for the Maine Central. Just as they use B.G.A. for Boston & Albany, and B.A.R. for Bangor & Aroostock.

Robert E. Woodruff, and John A. Hadden are trustees for the Erie Railroad.

RAILROAD MILEAGES

The Oregon, California & Eastern, Ry. Co. which has 64.93 miles of tracks, runs from Bly to Kalamath Falls, Ore.

INITIALS ON REFRIGERATOR CARS

M-D-T—Merchants Despatch Transit

N-Y-D-X—New York Despatch

W-F-E-X—Western Fruit Express

E-R-C-X—Eastern Refrigerator Car Co.

N-X—National Car Co.

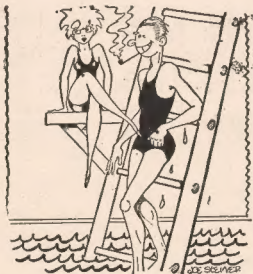
The Kingman meat packing is a lessee of G.A.R.X. Refrigerator cars.

RAILROAD MOTTOES

Copper Range Railroad—The Copper County Route.

The Southern Pacific's box cars, numbered in the 33 thousands are part of the S.P.'s test series-N of the Pennsylvania Co. for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities Trustee Owner and Lessor.

The first division point westbound on the Ontario & Western Railroad is Middletown, N. Y.



"Mother wanted to know what we were doing on the sofa until three o'clock this morning."

"What did you tell her?"

"That we were studying our lessons in Anatomy."



"Oh Doctor—do you think you could do something for poor little Mimi?"



"This is one of my husband's deeds—I'd like to get it recorded, please."



The Passing of The Backhouse

By JAMES WITTCOMB RILEY

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears,
A weather-beaten object looms through the mist of years
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half-mile or more,
And hurrying feet a path had made straight to its swinging door.

Its architecture was a type of simple classic art,
But in the tragedy of life it played a leading part,
And oft the passing traveler drove slow and heaved a sigh,
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.

We had our posey garden that the women loved so well,
I loved it too, but better still I loved the stronger sell;
That filled the evening breezes so full of homely cheer,
And told the night-overtaken tramp that human life was near.

On lazy August afternoons, it made a little bower,
Delightful, where my grandsire sat, and whiled away an hour,
For there the summer morning its very cares entwined,
And berry bushes reddened in the streaming soil behind.

All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies,
That flitted to and from the house, where Ma was baking pies,
And once a swarm of hornets bold, had built a palace there,
And stung my unsuspecting Aunt — I must not tell you where;

Then Father took a flaming pole, that was a happy day —
He nearly burned the building up, but the hornets left to stay.

When summer bloom began to fade and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building with a heap of Hemlock boughs.

But when the crust was on the snow and the sullen skies were gray,
In sooth the building was no place where one would wish to stay.

We did our duties promptly, there one purpose sway'd the mind,
We tarried not nor lingered long on what we left behind.

The torture of that icy seat, could make a Spartan sob,
For needs must scrape the goose-flesh with a lacerating cob.

That from a frost-encrusted nail, was suspended by a string
My Father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.

We'd bundle up the dear old man with muffler and a shawl,
I knew the hole on which he sat—'twas padded all around,
And once I dared to sit there—'Twas all too wide I found,
My loins were all too little and I jacked-knifed there to stay
When Grandpa had to "go out back" and make his morning

"Honest, officer, I was only doing 25."



"Aw, Shucks! I'm tired painting.
Put on your clothes and we'll play a little strip poker!"

They had to come and get me out, or I'd passed away.
Then Father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,
And I must use the children's hole 'till childhood days were done.

But still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true;
The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted sister Sue.
That dear old country landmark: I tramped around a bit,
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to sit;
But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of yore,
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved upon the door,
I ween the old familiar smell will sooth my faded soul,
I'm now a man, but none the less, I'll try the children's hole.

ANY GAL LOOKING FOR A REAL
THRILL SHOULD TRY KISSING A
MAN WITH THE HICCOUGHS.

HE ANSWERS BACK AT HOME WITH YOU

By ROBERT E. FAUCHIER

Although I am so far away
I want you dear, to know
There is no sunshine for me here
Or any where I go.

You may think it brings me happiness
To see the wondrous sights,
But darling, is it worth it all,
To pass these lonely nights?

I always miss your tender smile,
And your kind words of cheer,
And I always feel so lonely too,
Just wishing you were here.

I'm sure, when I come home again,
I know what I will do
I'll be content with everything,
To be at home with you.

SHE WRITES TO HIM WHILE YOU'RE AWAY

By ROBERT E. FAUCHIER

You know I always think of you
Each day, while you're away,
I wear your picture near my heart,
And pray for you each day.

You tell me things I love to hear,
In the letters that you write,
But still, at times, I feel so blue
I can-not sleep at night.

Some times the days seem very long,
Sometimes they go fast,
But patiently, I'm waiting, dear,
When you'll be home, at last.

I always try my best to do
Some good deed every day,
And always have a tender thought
For you, while you're away.

I PRETEND

By JIM CORBLEY

Yes, I pretend
That I feel fine
But now and then
Little tears I find
I fool only myself
To make others smile
My heart is on the shelf
It has been there all the while.

Since you have gone
Things don't seem the same
Only memories linger on
Yes, I know I'm to blame.

If you come back my dear,
My smile would be true
For life, I would not fear
As long as I had you.

AND, RIGHT AWAY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL HEAR ABOUT

the tourist travelling through a small village who stopped to have a glass of beer in a saloon which had just opened. Noticing that a crew of workmen were moving the church across the street, he asked a man at the bar beside him why they were moving it.

"Well, stranger," replied the native. "I'm mayor of these here diggin's and I'm fer law and enforcement."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"We got an ordinance here what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet from a church. I give 'em three days to move the church."

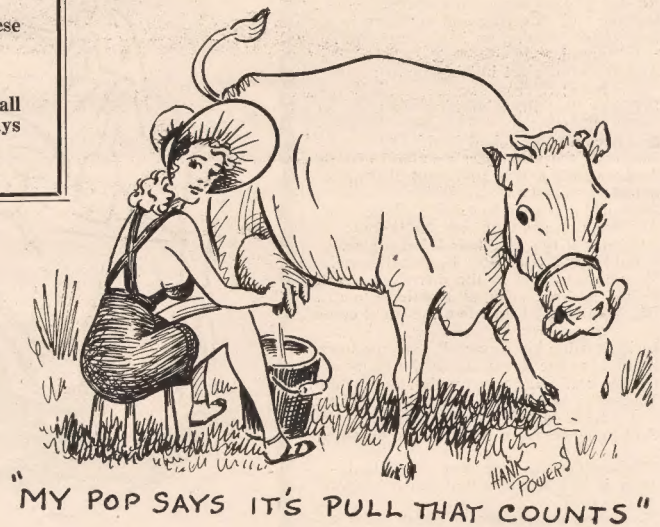
"Last night I learned something about the foundations on which she built her career."

"But she's nothing but a chorus girl."

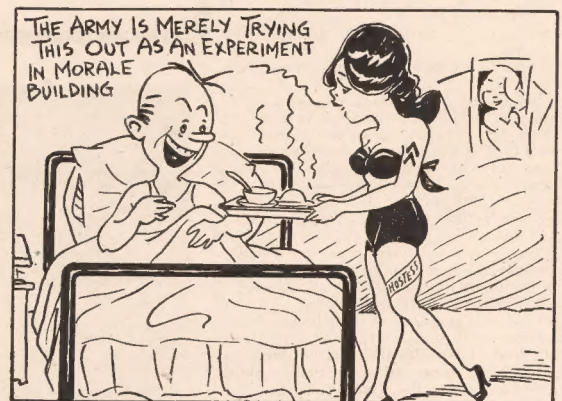
"Sure, but you ought to see her foundations."

Lady of the House: "Did you leave a note for the milkman?"

Servant: "Yes, but he didn't answer it."



She used to sit upon his lap
As happy as could be.
But now it makes her seasick—
He has water on his knee.



A man suffers about the worst malady known when he imagines there is something serious the matter with him.

It is better to be right than to be President, but it doesn't bring the same salary—Another that poverty is a virtue.

The Lord takes care of his own;—but the church trustees still put lightning rods on the steeple.

Persons of many accomplishments often accomplish but little.

Chance is the factor to which other men owe their success.

The witty epigram is often based on a sorrow that mocks its own tears.

The kind of "backbone" that does a man the most good today is found almost entirely above the shoulders!



"I can't tell whether my girl loves me or not."
"Why don't you put out a feeler?"
"I did, and look what it got me!"

*Have you heard the song of the milkman's horse,
When the new day's just a-borning?
He whinnies it out as he starts on his course:
HOW I HATE TO GIDDUP IN THE MORNING.*

NOBODY'S CHILD

PHILA H. CARE

ALONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and
dread,

And the chill sleet beating upon my bare
head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so
wild?

Is it because I'm nobody's child?
Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things
bright;

Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat.
Oh! what shall I do when the night comes
down

In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavements alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers
have said,

And mammas have tucked them up snugly
in bed,

No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's
child!

No father, no mother, no sister not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little
dogs run

When I wander too near them; 'tis won-
drous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like
me!

Perhaps 'tis a dream; but, sometimes, when
I lie

Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.
And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild
bird,

The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame:
And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night,
I am going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so
wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.



"You're Cock-eyed, you don't see any garter snakes."



"I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE
BEING FOLLOWED!"

FULL DRESS

Dorothy, attending church for the first time was surprised to see the people about her kneel suddenly. She asked her mother why, and was told, "Hush, they are going to say their prayers."

"What, with all their clothes on?"

Beautiful Betsy: "I'd like to try on those bloomers in the window."

Store Owner: "That's really not necessary—we have a dressing room in the back."



CONTENTED JIM

O. F. PEARRE

EVERYTHING pleased our neighbor Jim,
When it rained
He never complained,
But said the weather suited him.
"There never is too much rain
for me.
And this is something like," said he.
When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day
and night.
When winter came with its snow
and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up North with the
Esquimaux."

A cyclone whirled along its track;
And did him harm—
It broke his arm,
And stripped the coat from off
his back;
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.
And when at length his years
were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old:
"I long have wanted to know,"
he said,
"How it feels to die"—and Jim
was dead.
The Angel of Death had summoned him
To heaven or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I knew that the climate suited Jim;
And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.

THE CHILD-VIOLINIST

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's
whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy
And the poor little brain would
swim.
And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and
bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were
waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord
breaking
A something snapped in the gloom.
'Twas a string of his viloncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed.
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he
said. *August Dobson.*

THE HERO

A TRAGEDY IN A NUTSHELL

HE sits alone in the darkened room,
Alone in the fading light.
Why is his brow so heavy with gloom,
And his cheek so deathly white?
But though his heart is sick with care,
His courage never blanches,
His eyes are fixed in glassy stare—
What is it his firm hand clenches?

"A little courage," he murmurs. "Yes,
A little, and all is won;
A choking gurgle more or less,
A gasp—and the deed is done."
Without a shudder, or eyelid wink—
Ah! it makes the heart recoil!—
That hero true did calmly drink
A dose of castor oil!

Robert Richardson.

She Did Her Best

Jackson: "The idea of letting your wife go about
telling the neighbors that she made a man of you! You
don't hear my wife saying that!"
Johnson: "No, but I heard her telling my wife that
she had done her best!"

The front door of the business man's office says
"Push." The front door of the city hall says "Pull."

A laugh, a sigh; a smile, a tear; a giggle, a sob;
a joy, a pain; a gain, a sacrifice—that is the synthesis
of Love.

Wives should never nag their husbands. A hubby is
like an egg—if kept continually in hot water he will
become hard-boiled.

Don't imagine that you can avoid a courting stunt
by paying attention to a widow. She'll expect as much
fuss and "ootsy-wootzy" slush as a 16-year-old maiden.



"WELL CHIEF, HERES THAT
AUTHORS CONFESSION!"

BILL TILDEN by Steve Wagner



POOR JOE BOWERS

My name it is Joe Bowers;
I've got a brother Ike;
I come from old Missouri;
Yes, all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left thar,
And how I came to roam,
And leave my old mammy,
So far away from home.
I used to love a gal;
Oh, they called her Sally Black.
I asked her to marry me;
She said it was a whack.
But says she to me: "Joe Bowers,
Before you hitch for life,
You had better get a little house
To put your little wife."
Says I: "My dearest Sally,
Oh, for your sake,
I'll go into the army
And try to raise a stake."
Says she to me: "Joe Bowers,
Oh, you're the chap to win;
Give me a buss—'tis a bargain—
And throw a dozen in."
I'll ne'er forget my feelings
When I bid adieu to all.
Sally cotched me round the neck
And I began to bawl
When I got in they all commenced;
You never did hear the like,
How they all took on and cried
so hard

The day I left old Pike.
When I landed in Galveston,
I hadn't nary red;
I had such wolfish feelings,
I wished myself most dead.
But the thoughts of my dear Sally
Soon made those feelings get,
And whispered hope to Bowers—
I wish I had 'em yet!
At length I went in the army,
Put in my biggest licks,
And come down upon the breast-works
Just like a thousand bricks.
I worked both late and early,
In rain and sun and snow;
But I was working for my Sally,
So it was all the same to Joe.
One day I got a letter
From my dear brother Ike;
It came from old Missouri
And all the way from Pike.
It brought me the dog-gondest news
That ever I did hear—
My heart is almost breaking
So please excuse this tear!
It said my Sally was fickle,
Her love for me was fled!
That she had gone and married
A butcher whose hair was red!



"WHERE ON EARTH ARE YOU TAKING ME?"

JUNE

June belongs to youth. It sends little waves of delight into the hearts of The Boy and The Girl. It means vacation, playtime . . . Children struggle so valiantly to climb out of childhood and we try half-heartedly to keep them back where they are—happy. We know how things can wither, we know ambition has a cruel face, we know the great delusions . . . But The Boy and The Girl have stumbled on the fact that Life is beyond the gate, that it seems to be a brave business. Every morning they run hand in hand to see if it is still there. Knights, plumes dipping, go by with sun on their faces. As the day ages, over the top of the wall bursts a flurry of butterflies, a cloud of jumbled color, to whisper love secrets into the sun-steeped afternoon. Twilight deepens, shapes flower in the dusk; the white dust of moonlight settles. Another day has passed, pleasing and confusing them . . . Let us remember the greatest thing in the world is to be young and able to believe in things. Keep regrets from their lives by dismissing them from our own. For myself, I want to retain more of what I once had. I want always to be able to finger a dream and to hold a star in my hand!

H. N. Swanson

How would you punctuate this sentence—"Miss Smith a beautiful girl of nineteen walked down the street?"

Well, the only way that I would do it, is to make a dash after Miss Smith.



Although a man may possess Virtue, Talent and Good Conduct, he may nevertheless be disagreeable. There is a certain fashion in Manners, which is too often neglected as of no consequence, but which frequently becomes the basis on which the World will form a favorable or an unfavorable opinion of you; and a little attention to render them engaging and polished, will prevent others from entertaining pre-conceptions respecting you, which in their consequences may operate greatly to your disadvantage.



"THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE BUDGET. IT COMES OUT EXACTLY RIGHT!"

"Seeing is believing, you know."

"Not always. I see you frequently, but I seldom believe you."

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and
and foolish.



BE BACK FOR SUPPER, JOHN!"



"MY ESKIMOS," REMARKED DR. CUISINE "ATE CANDLES WITH DELIGHT."

"PREVARICATOR!" HISSED THE IRATE COMMANDER, "THEY ALWAYS BLOW THEM OUT FIRST"

Tourist: "Those cows run around as though they were drunk."

Cowboy: "Yas'm; them's what we make corned beff out of."



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THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE
LIFE IS BUT A GAME OF CARDS
THE KID'S LAST FIGHT
I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH
DEATH
DOWN IN THE LEHIGH VALLEY
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TAL BE PROUD?
LAUGH AND THE WORLD
LAUGHS WITH YOU
I LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN
FROM HER
THE RELIGIOUS CARDPLAYER
ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH
VISION OF THE FUTURE
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INFINITY

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MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY

These lines were first published in England in 1445, before the discovery of America, and before any of the discoveries and inventions mentioned therein. All the events predicted have come to pass except that mentioned in the last two lines:

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet more wonders do,
Now stranger, yet shall be true;
The world upside down shall be;
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride
And no horse nor ass be at his side;
Under water man shall walk.
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green;
Iron in the water shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found mid stone
In a land that's now unknown;
Fire and water shall wonders do.
England shall at last admit a Jew.
And the world to an end shall come.
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Seed Planted When Earth Is --

IN ARIES, which is a movable sign, governed by the sun, make rapid growth.
IN TAURUS, which is a fixed earthly sign, governed by Mercury will do good for all root crops of quick growth.
IN GEMINI, which is a barren sign, will not make a good growth. This is a good time to stir the soil and subdue all noxious weeds.
IN CANCER, which is a watery, fruitful, movable sign, germinate quickly. It is favorable to growth and insures abundance.
IN LEO, which is a barren, fiery sign, will die, as it is only favorable to the destruction of unhealthy growths. Trim no trees or vines when the moon or earth is in Leo, for they will surely die.
IN VIRGO, which is also a barren sign, die as it is unfavorable to the growth of seed or transplanting.
IN LIBRA, which is a strong, movable sign, do well and produce a vigorous pulp growth and a reasonable amount of grain.
IN SCORPIO, which is fruitful, producing watery effects do the next best after Cancer.
IN SAGITTARIUS, which is a fiery, masculine sign, will not grow well as this sign is unfavorable both to planting and transplanting.
IN CAPRICORNUS, which is a moist, movable sign, will produce a rapid growth of pulp, stalk or root, but not much grain.
IN AQUARIUS, which is an airy, masculine sign, will not grow.
IN PISCES, which is fruitful, watery, feminine sign, will produce excellent results. The air signs are the first best for harvest, the fire signs second.

VATICAN. To dream of a visit to the vatican bids you hope for a brighter and happier day, for you shall surely visit Rome.

2 1 3

VALENTINE. To dream you receive a valentine, you will soon fall victim to the sweet charms of love; to send one, disappointment in love.

7 9 2

VENTRILOQUIST. A professed friend will attempt to deceive or betray you.

8 7 3

VEST. Gives refinement, commands respect.

8 2 6

7 6 4

VEIL. Gives modesty, politeness. White Veil, love; Black Veil, grief or sadness; Blue Veil, love of truth; Green Veil, affection from friends; Brown Veil, genuine friendship.

2 8 9

VERTIGO. To dream of dizziness or surinmis of the head is a warning against intemperance causing constipation. Constipation, is said by the author to be the primal source of vertigo and almost all human diseases.

9 7 2

VERDIGRIS. Gives cause for righteous indignation.

6 0 9

VESSEL OR UTENSIL. Empty, scant living; full, or partially full, plenty.

6 0 9

VIAL. Empty, temporary embarrassment; full, plenty, and new diversity of thought.

5 0 1

VIPER. Don't worry. Worry drove 6,000 persons to commit suicide in this country last year. That is a good argument against the foolish habit of worryment.

7 6 0

VICE. Do not make vice your companion; do not stifle the voice of your higher nature.

7 3 9

VICTUALS. A superabundance means a scarcity, a scarcity means plenty.

3 8 6

VINEGAR. You shall sour on some friends, or some friends will sour on you.

2 0 2

VIGOR. Gives ardent zeal.

2 7 8

VILLAGE. To dream of a village is a hint to city people to take vacation as often as possible from the stuffy air, and maddening noises of city life, to some quiet hamlet, town or village for a rest.

3 2 6

VIOLIN. Gives promise of gaieties and festivities, jewels and diamonds, with cooling waters from the fountain of love, refreshing your life, as the summer showers refresh the fading rose.

8 1 8

VILLAIN. To see a villain in your dreams, tells you you must keep sober or you will be betrayed.

3 8 1

VINE. Dispers ignorance and superstition.

8 9 7

VIRGIN. To dream of a virgin, gives you self respect; if the dreamer is the virgin, she will command from her associates great becoming respect.

7 1 8

VOYAGE. To dream you are on a voyage, going or returning, is a hint to go the same route you saw in your dream.

VOICE. To hear a voice in your dream gives wisdom or instruction.

1 7 6

VCW. Beware! Beware! Vows are many, but truth is rare.

7 0 6

VULTURE. As the development of the mind is the enrichment of the soul, you will pay more attention to the culture of the mind than heretofore.

6 0 7

WAFER. Try and be a little more conservative especially among strangers.

3 1 1

WAGES. To pay wages, good business; to receive wages, subordination.

8 0 1

WAGON. To ride in one gives good times for all time, or during balance of years.

WALLET. Empty, hard up; containing money, plenty.

8 7 8

WAIIF. Gives tender and beautiful thoughts of founding babies.

6 2 8

WAITER. Gives knowledge of right living.

3 8 1

WALTZ. To dream you have waltzed with a lady or gent, in a ball room, says that you shall be soon seized with a sudden passion for one of the opposite sex, and the one you waltzed with will surely try to gain your affections or friendship.

7 6 0

WALKING STICK. Gives power and protection, also self control.

2 0 9

WARRANT. To learn in your dream that there is a warrant for you, or that you are charged with crime, bids you look well to your morals.

3 7 5

WAR. To dream of war, or signs of war, such as seeing armies marching to and from, is a sure sign of approaching war, and which you must try to avert.

2 4 7

WASH. To dream of washing, says you will yet achieve fame and fortune.

5 6 7

WARDROBE. A scant wardrobe gives abundant apparel, an overstocked wardrobe, a scant apparel.

3 4 8

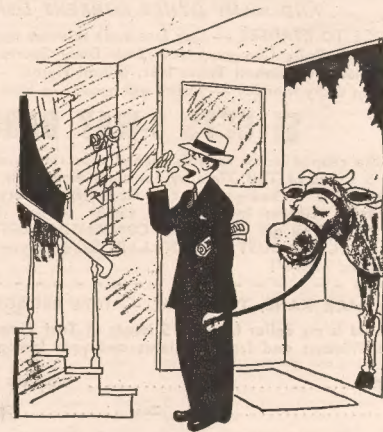


Nearighted Fireman--"Fer Gawd's sake, jump!"

Wall Street announces that Smith Brothers took another drop.



SAY GUS, THIS BURGH MUST BE TOUGH, FOR A HANDOUT, EVEN THE BIRDS KNOW IT



OH DARLING, I BROUGHT A FRIEND HOME, FOR DINNER